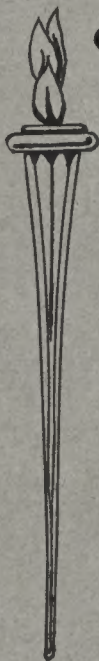


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# CORRECTION

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Line 10, Second Column, Page 10, "was \$40,000 annually,"  
should read "was \$40,000,000 annually."

—Editor.



# THE GATEWAY



PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
AT THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA  
SESSION 1920-21

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**HERBERT HOOVER**

Stanford University, Cal.,  
July 29, 1920

The Editor:  
THE GATEWAY,  
University of Alberta,  
Edmonton, Canada.

Dear Sir:

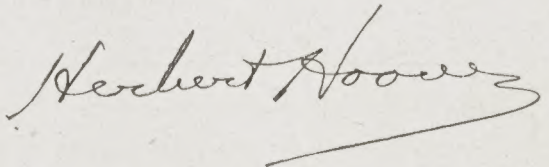
I am very glad to have the opportunity to express even partly the profound admiration which we all hold for the great country to the North of us and the demonstration of devotion to the high ideals of our race that it made during the war.

It has been my good fortune to come into contact not only with the Canadian people at home and to have witnessed their valor on the front but also to have received support in the administration of relief measures in Belgium and other parts of Europe through Canadian charity to an extraordinary degree. The contributions of Canada to the funds of which I have had the administration have been larger per capita than any other section of the English speaking people.

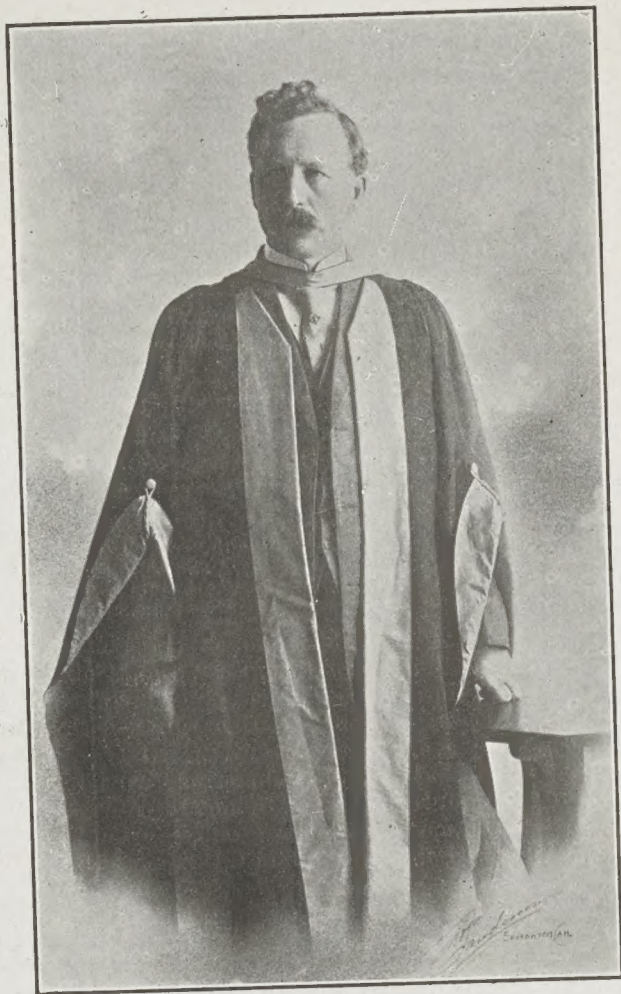
The great social and industrial problems of the Canadian people and ourselves are identical and we are jointly interested in the development of far-reaching steps in the solution of these matters. The fundamental solution lies in the direction of leadership devoted to public service, and this responsibility rests upon our colleges and universities.

Yours faithfully,

HH.AK

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Herbert Hoover", with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.





**DR. H. M. TORY**

President of the University of Alberta

whose article on "Industrial Development and Scientific Investigation" in this issue is worthy of the closest attention from everyone who has the interests of the Province of Alberta at heart.

## Industrial Development and Scientific Investigation.

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In every age in human history the task of giving the intellectual guidance necessary to the solution of the problems presented to that age has been assigned to the men of education and training. Perhaps I should not say the task has been assigned to them, but rather they only have comprehended the problems, faced them, and took upon themselves the solution. It is a fact known to all students of history that the nations which have failed to produce, in comparison with others, the supply of men capable of facing national tasks have suffered loss of power and influence. In the ancient world that has often meant slavery; in the modern world it means loss of influence and authority in the council of nations.

One other general statement I would like to make. It is this. The development of human society has been mainly dependent upon the growth of knowledge. Each age has had the benefit of the accumulated knowledge of preceding generations, but the progress of a given period may be measured in the terms of its own additions to the common stock. The periods where nothing was added to the common store were periods of stagnation, the dark ages of history. Each improvement in human society, each step forward in civilization, has been the result of the application to human affairs of some bit, however small, of new knowledge, obtained either as the result of experience translated into common action or by deliberate research; some new discovery formulated to the

practice of life; some act of intelligence superior to that which preceded it. Knowledge has been the stepping stone by which men have risen to higher things. The man who first learned to chip the flint, and to make the sharpened point part of the arrow with which in the chase he sought to secure his livelihood secured for himself a place of superiority in that time, and gave to the people of which he belonged a better chance to live and make progress; he started mankind upward in civilization.

The truth in the foregoing paragraphs become more apparent when we relate them to the age in which we live. The social and economic foundation of our own time is organized industry. It might be more correct to say capitalized industry. But from whatever angle you may view it the industrial life of today rests on the knowledge of the physical sciences acquired in the last few years. The research laboratory has been the starting point.

In this short article I cannot do more than illustrate the truths set out above, but before doing so I wish to draw attention to a distinction, not usually made, as to types of research, all of which however have a definite relation to industry.

Research problems may be divided into three classes. First there are the problems which are usually considered as related to pure science only. By this is meant that the researcher has in mind the search for knowledge for its own sake. He is not considering whether such knowledge as he may discover will in any



way have a practical bearing upon the ordinary course of human affairs. The laws of nature are the subject of all such researches.

In the second class comes those researches in science which are intended to have a practical application. Here the researcher is working on a pure science problem but is looking for a definite, practical result.

Then there is the third kind of research, that carried on by the man already in possession of the necessary scientific knowledge, but who desires to apply already discovered principles to practical uses.

I wish particularly to give illustrations of the statement made above that the research laboratory forms the starting point for modern industry. In so doing, however, I shall make reference to all three of the types of research mentioned above, but I think it will become clear that, after all, pure scientific research is the real starting point.

Take as the first illustration the work of Sir Isaac Newton. To most men the name of Newton immediately suggests the law of gravitation. No man in the whole history of the human race ever lived in a loftier intellectual atmosphere than he. His mind centered on the universe as a whole. With the affairs of men in the ordinary sense Newton had not the slightest interest, yet there is hardly a human activity into which calculations based on the law of gravitation does not enter in some form. Whatever potential energy is converted into work in workshop or factory, on the farm or on the battlefield, Newton and his stated laws have right of way. It is impossible to place a commercial value upon such work.

Another illustration, showing not only the dependence of industry upon pure science but also demonstrating the fact that in the long run all science has relation to life, can be taken from the work of Faraday.

It is less than one hundred years since the law of magnetic induction was discovered. The research that led to the discovery was made with very simple apparatus at a nominal cost. Who could have foreseen the significance of this discovery! Its value industrially is indicated by the fact that last year in England it was estimated that there was invested in the electrical industries over three billion dollars and a similar amount in the United States of America. The whole industry rests upon Faraday's discovery. Only a few scientific men expressed interest at the time. The rest of the world went on heedlessly in the rush of the passing hour, not knowing that in a corner of a laboratory the social and industrial world was being revolutionized.

But still another illustration, this time one with a more practical outlook from the start: I refer to the discovery of steam power and the subsequent development of the steam engine. The discovery of steam power and the invention of the Spinning Jenny, about the same time, started the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century and were the real forces behind the political revolution of the 19th century. By the later statement I mean that the introduction of steam power and the rapidly accumulating inventions which followed, resulted in that readjustment of population which made political change a necessity. It is hard for us to conceive what the world would be like without steam power, railways, steamships, electric light, telegraph lines, wireless telegraphy, the daily news dispatch and the thousand and one other things dependent on the discoveries mentioned above. In fact, it would not be the present world at all, so completely is our own day dependent on the knowledge accumulated in the past.

I could go on indefinitely multiplying instances of a similar kind.

The great chemical industries are all founded on research in pure and applied chemistry. Modern agriculture now rests firmly on a scientific basis. The researches of the geologists have uncovered the hidden resources of the earth and made them available for industrial uses. In fact, take any great industry and behind it somewhere an investigation will show the man of science quietly working, if his work has not been already done.

Now just a word about our own responsibilities. Clearly the fostering of research is one of the first responsibilities of any community. Especially is this true of a University community. What, you may ask, can a university do in the matter? There are certain things we certainly can do.

We can see to it that the men who take the major appointments upon the University staff are men themselves fitted for the work of research and capable of training other men for such work. We can recognize within the University that we are only performing half our function when we have done our best in teaching and disseminating such knowledge as we possess. The other function is to do our best to discover the unknown and to add all we can to the sum of knowledge. Of course it must be recognized that in the business of research while many are called only few are chosen. The human intellect is a delicate machine and the adjusting of it to the problems of the unknown is delicate business. Master minds are necessary for the task and master minds are not easily found. At least our eyes should always be open to see the problem and we should seek to find the man capable of giving us the required solution.

One word more, There can be no doubt but that the Province of Alberta has a great industrial future. Knowledge of our resources and the uses to which they may be applied

is absolutely necessary as a basis of future development. It is the duty of the workers of today to bend their energies to secure this necessary knowledge.

Look for a moment at some of our problems. We have the greatest area of arable land of any province of the Dominion, but with climate and soil conditions peculiar to ourselves. As yet no soil survey of our Province has been made; meteorological conditions have been determined at only a few points and at stations established many years ago; we are yet without a comprehensive study of our native vegetation with a view to determination suitable varieties for cultivation; no scheme is in operation for determining the rainfall over a period of years, making possible a judgment as to the suitability for cultivation of the dry areas. I might mention a score of other matters of equal importance.

Then there are our enormous coal areas. Much research has already been done in determining the position of these areas, sufficient to assure us that we possess fourteen per cent. of the coal reserves of the world and eighty-five per cent. of the coal of Canada.

Some elementary research has been done with respect to the quality of our coal as a fuel but nothing more. The whole field of its content in commercial by-products has yet to be explored, a field sufficiently large to occupy a group of men for many years.

The geological survey of our north lands, supposed to be rich in mineral oil, has only been started. The oft mentioned bituminous sands we have only begun to understand. Here then are years of work, congenial and profitable for many scientific workers. In these statements only definite economic resources as a basis of research have been mentioned. But the whole field of general science—Chemistry, Physics, Biology, etc.,



presents inviting problems to the trained worker.

The future development of our Province depends upon our securing definite knowledge of many of the matters mentioned above. It is urged that the doing of such work costs money. That is true but think of its significance economically. Just one illustration on this point. A few years ago a scientific worker in one of the universities of a state of the American Union discovered a serum capable of preventing a deadly disease from attacking certain animals, where the mortality due to this dis-

ease had always been high. The professor who made the discovery was a quiet worker on a salary limited, if my memory is correct, by the State legislation to \$3,000 per year. The United States Department of Agriculture recently made the statement that the saving to the farmers of the United States due to that discovery was \$40,000 annually. It is not on record that anyone has complained of the saving made. The only complaint has been of the cost of the institution where the work was done. The moral is plain.

H. M. TORY.

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## DAY DREAMS

The world today is sated with sensation. We are shock-proof. Nothing excites us. New and ever more cruel wars are reported under scare headlines in our daily papers,—we turn carelessly to the sporting page; new perils, new menaces and dangers beset the human race and threaten it with extinction,—unruffled and unmoved, we look up our names in the social column. It would take an earthquake at our very door to rouse us from our apathy. But to read, as I did, only last week, that a too great indulgence in day dreaming will lead to insanity, that is truly alarming. A man is no longer safe in his own home, for every time that he dares to sit smoking before the fire, gazing into the dancing flames, he is sliding slowly, but none the less surely, down that easy slope at the foot of which lies the gaping chasm of madness. We remember poor, old Don Quixote, steeped in his chivalric dreams, and the scurvy tricks played on him in the drab, hum-drum, workaday world, and we shudder. Other

cases are recalled to mind. Then it comes home upon us,—we are getting absent-minded ourselves. The first step! The good resolution is quickly made, no more day-dreaming. But like every other good resolution that was ever made, it goes overboard at the first squall.

Day-dreaming is such a delightful occupation! Will you, reader, ever forget the glorious, airy castles built on those fine, summer days when you used to lie on your back and gaze into the infinity of the blue sky, barred and crossed by drifts of snowy clouds? Do you remember how your eyes would half close, and, as you stared upwards through the lashes, the huge masses of the clouds would move stateily together, or swing apart, and you would forget your surroundings, and then, in a trice, you were in a world of your own creation. Perhaps you were a train robber, a two-gun bad man; perhaps you were a great statesman or a wonderful surgeon, but no matter what you were, the scenes were all

pleasing, and best of all, you were always successful.

My own youthful ambition was to be a soldier, and many and splendid were the scenes, varying in location from the Court of St. James to the Indian frontier, which I conjured up for my own delectation. In every one of them, I stood, the central figure, the observed of all observers, in a glorious red coat, blazing with decorations, and a white plumed cocked hat. Sometimes I was a simple subaltern, with shells bursting all round me, gallantly leading a forlorn hope, sword in hand, to the rescue of my comrades; more often, I knelt before my king to receive at his hands the latest reward of my heroism and valor.

As the years rolled on, my ideas and aspirations changed; they became more pacific and less spectacular. I passed out of High School, and, on going to College, I became that object of unmerited scorn and derision, an Arts student. War broke out, and in due course I found myself gracefully attired in a badly fitting khaki tunic, an old fedora hat, blue serge trousers and a pair of very hard, very heavy, army boots, adorning the awkward squad of a newly formed infantry battalion. Day-dreaming became a thing of the past. They exist only for the future, and so long as the veil is lifted high enough to reveal a good meal at the end of the day, no soldier ever thinks of what lies before him.

"Unborn Tomorrow and dead Yesterday  
Why fret about them if Today be sweet."

After weary months of training I finally found my niche in the rear rank of a battalion in France, devoting all my time to avoiding as much of the sordid routine of modern warfare as it was humanly possible to do. Life was much too full and varied to think of those splendid, martial scenes of my childish fancy until one day,—But I had better explain:

The platoon of which I was an unappreciated ornament was doing duty as a carrying party for a week. Now a carrying party is most unlike the kind of party we have in civilian life. It consists of carrying wire, ammunition, rations, bombs and rum from the rear to the front line. We had been at it for three days. Then rain began to pour down, and transformed our labor of love into an unpleasant and tedious drudgery. It soaked us through and through, and the communication trench which was the scene of our nocturnal excursions was converted into a soft, wet, muddy ditch. Of course that was the night when I got separated from the rest of the party, and I found myself hopelessly lost and extremely irritated, stumbling, splashing and cursing down the straight and narrow way, with two boxes of bombs on my shoulder. I was wet through and dog-tired. I think that I hated the Germans more that night than I have ever hated them since. I cursed them; I cursed our High Command; I cursed all my officers, and all the officers in general, but most of all I cursed myself for ever having joined the Army. Then I fell down, head first, bombs on top of me. I heaved myself blasphemously out of the mud which threatened to engulf me, pulled out the bombs, and sat down on them to rest. Then as I leaned back, wet, tired and unutterably miserable, against the sticky side of the trench, there suddenly flashed before my eyes the most gorgeous and most often repeated of all my boyish dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was advancing up some red-carpeted stairs at the top of which, under a beautiful awning, sat the King and Queen on twin thrones, surrounded by Lords and Ladies in Waiting, amongst whom I saw Lord Kitchener who nodded smilingly as I approached. The sword at my side

Continued on page 24



## EDITORIAL

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It is with considerable pleasure, not unmixed with trepidation that we place before you the first number of the monthly "Gateway." The most cursory glance through its pages will show that it is very different from the average undergraduate publication, and we wish to make the following explanation to our readers.

The student publication in this University has taken the form of a monthly and a weekly newspaper. These have in turn attempted to fulfill two functions. First to give the students university news and secondly to publish from time to time such articles as would be of interest to the general public and which are not met with in the provincial press.

It has been increasingly difficult from year to year to meet both demands on our space, particularly in the weekly newspaper. This year the experiment is being tried of separating the two functions completely. There is being published a weekly newspaper to meet the demands of the students and a monthly in magazine form is to be published to carry material of wider interest. We are endeavoring to fill what we feel is a real need in this Province and indeed in Western Canada. Newspapers and class journals we have in plenty, but private enterprise has not as yet given us a high grade magazine covering the fields of industry, science and letters. The University, which should be the cradle of public spirit and public enterprise, is therefore shouldering the burden. It is an ambitious undertaking for an undergraduate body and to succeed we must have the whole-hearted support

of the students and the cordial co-operation of the public. Criticisms and suggestions will be welcomed from every quarter but please remember that the highest form of criticism is constructive. Original contributions dealing with science, industry, art, and general information will be deeply appreciated and willingly accorded a place in our columns.

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We wish to draw your special attention to the article in this issue by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the famous explorer. In pursuit of its new policy, the "Gateway" has not hesitated to ask for contributions from the most prominent men of our day, knowing as we do that it is in those men who have already achieved who are best able to point the way to those who follow. Mr. Stefansson's article contains what will be entirely new thoughts to many of us, but remember that the author is a man who speaks of what he knows. The article should be particularly interesting to Albertans in as much as our northern boundary is not so far removed from the Arctic Circle and the industrial survey parties sent into the north through the gateway of Edmonton are becoming more numerous each year.

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"The university is the focal point where the moral energies of democracy converge and where the mind of the people gathers strength to impart an inspiring impulse to youth for the enrichment of to-morrow."—Dr. S. C. Mitchell, Pres. U. of S. C.

Another famous man from whom we have the privilege of publishing a letter is Herbert Clark Hoover. Mr. Hoover is probably best known to our readers through the valuable services which he rendered as Chairman of the Committee of Relief in Belgium, 1915-1917. Appreciation of his work is shown by the many honors which have showered upon him. Companion of the Legion of Honour, D.C.L. of Oxford, Honorary

Citizen of Belgium, the Burgher of Antwerp, Brussels and many other Belgian cities are but a few of his distinctions. His work among the war-stricken people of Europe gave place to his duties as Food Controller for the United States during the latter years of the war, and Mr. Hoover's many friends throughout the world regret the fact that he was not chosen by his own people as their first citizen this year.

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## THE RESOURCES OF NORTHERN CANADA

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Man seems to be originally a tropical or sub-tropical animal. If we belong to one school, we say this is because the anthropoid apes from which man has descended were tropical animals. If we are a bit more old-fashioned, we assume that it is because the Garden of Eden was located in the tropics and mankind consequently spread from there.

It is a biological, paleontological and archaeological truth that man has spread northward from the tropics. It is an archaeological and historical truth that the earliest civilizations we know about were tropical or sub-tropical, and that they have been continually spreading north. While it seems, therefore, that the tropics do breed high civilizations, it is equally clear that the temperate and sub-arctic lands breed the stronger people. That is why the torch of civilization is continually being passed farther and farther northward into stronger and stronger hands. This has been the story in the eastern hemisphere from Egypt

and Babylonia north to Greece and Rome and France and England.

We do not know the "prehistoric history" of the western hemisphere quite so clearly as yet, but it seems plain that the high civilization found by Cortez in Mexico was about on the same level as that on which Yucatan to the south of it had been five hundred or a thousand years earlier. It was an American repetition of the Old World European story that stronger people had come from the north into a southern land of high civilization, had adopted the civilization and made serfs of the people. From what we know of the temper and virility of the League of the Iroquois, it does not seem unlikely that, just as the more northerly Mexicans had superseded the Yucatanese, so would the more northerly Iroquois later have superseded the Mexicans. Of course, this can now never be anything more than a surmise, but it is a surmise rendered probable by the uniform northward course of civilization in Europe and the north-

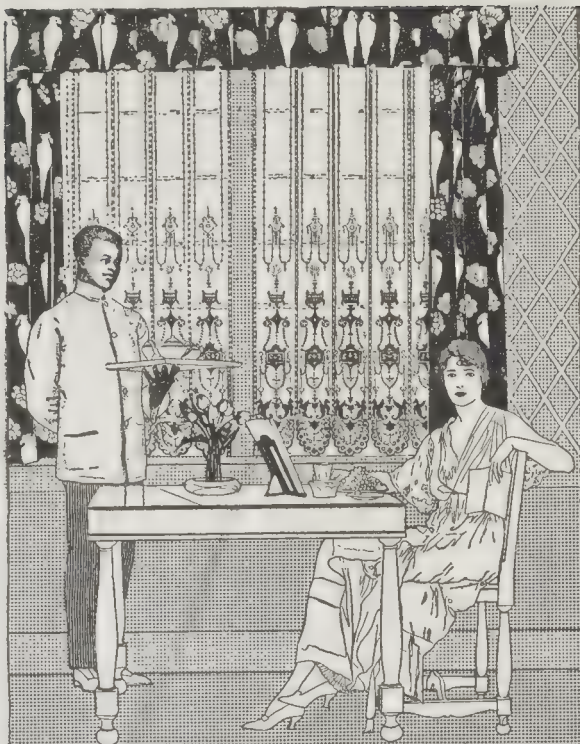


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ward course of civilization in America so far as archaeology has as yet revealed the pre-Columbian trend.

This has been the course of history; and what reason have we to think that we have come to the turning point, and that civilization will henceforth cease to spread northward? The Franks were barbarous when Rome was civilized, and savages in the days of Cheops. In Europe and Asia, Russia and Siberia are at present crude and violent. But there are few who know Russia intimately who have not found here and there that striking ability to borrow which has led to the northward progress of civilization in the past.

Through the special circumstance of recent colonization from the east, Canada is not intellectually crude in comparison with the United States in the same sense that Russia is when compared with France. But man seems to be in general the product of his environment; and we must assume, therefore, that if civilization through natural laws marches northward in the eastern hemisphere, it will similarly march northward in the western. It seems generally agreed within the United States that the south has more of the amenities and graces and the north more of strength and enterprise. People rest and play in Florida and southern California but they work in Massachusetts and Illinois. Of course, everyone agrees that the south has the best climate, for by the "best climate" everyone means that climate in which it is pleasantest to rest. But this is a work-a-day world; and, no matter how disagreeable the climate may be, that country will eventually be the most powerful which along with adequate natural resources has a climate that stimulates to work.

And then there are fashions in climate. The literature of Greece and Rome was for a long time the sole widespread literature of Europe, and

consciously or unconsciously much of the later poetry of northern lands has been in imitation of this. So it is not strange that even the inhabitants of damp and chilly climates like England should sing a good deal about the warmth and sunshine. In fact, they have enough of the warmth to appreciate it. But as you go further north from England, you get in "creative" literature less and less of the praises of the warmth and sun of the south. To reduce this to the plainest prose, we can generalize as follows: If in a given country you have seven months of summer and five months of winter, then the inhabitants of that country will prefer the summer; but if you have seven months of winter and five months of summer, then the inhabitants will generally prefer the winter. We must emphasize here the word "generally" and draw attention to the powerful literary propaganda in favor of summer and to the (of later years) equally powerful commercial propaganda from places like California, where everyone is trying to "sell climate" to the rest of us.

I have never seen an Italian or a southerner of any kind who, while still resident of the south, could be brought to believe that any country could be pleasant or desirable to live in where it is nearly always winter. It is equally inconceivable to an Eskimo or an Indian of the far north that any country could be pleasant to live in where it is nearly always summer. It would not be easy to convince a native inhabitant of Utah or of Egypt that a rainy climate could be pleasant, but in Seattle, where a slight amount of precipitation every day for weeks is nothing strange, I have seen children shout for joy when the first rain came after an extraordinary "dry" period of six weeks. It is a fundamental principle of esthetics that we in gen-

eral like what we are used to, and this applies to climate.

In Canada this means that the people who live on the north coast of it like the climate. This applies both to the native inhabitants and to those white men who have lived there for five years or more. The Hudson's Bay Company always finds it difficult to transfer to a southern station men who have been stationed far north, for they always object. Polar explorers who have been on one expedition always go on another if they can. The truth to be deduced from this is that they like the north, and as the climate is such a large part of any environment, it would not be possible that they could like the north without liking the climate. We try to camouflage this by saying that there is a "fascination" about the north. It is all nonsense to apply that word specially to the north and refrain from using it with regard to Ireland or Iowa. You either like the climate of Ireland or else you don't, and there is no special fascination about it. You either like the climate of the north of Canada or else you don't, and there is no special fascination about it.

I shall end this rather theoretical discussion by a concrete example.

When the World's Fair was held in Chicago in 1893, one of the exhibits was a young man who had grown to maturity in the Samoan Islands and who had been brought to Chicago as a part of the exhibit of "native races." When the fair was over he drifted to San Francisco with an idea of getting back to Samoa. He could not speak English very well, so went down to the waterfront to see if he could by examination of the ships find one that would take him home. He saw a small sailing ship that had several "Kanakas" aboard, natives of the Hawaiian Islands. He could not speak to these Hawaiians, but he knew what people and country they belonged to, so he

went to the officers of this ship and asked for a job, for he thought they were sailing for the Hawaiian Islands. Two or three months later he found himself in the Arctic; and instead of getting back to the tropic Hawaiis he had to spend the winter with a whaler at Herschel Island, two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, on the north coast of Canada. He found the winter hard for he did not know how to take care of himself in cold weather. He froze his face and his fingers and he shivered and was miserable, and he has told me that he would have given anything to be out of it and home. But it was a three year voyage, and during the second and third years he learned how to clothe himself properly and to protect himself from frost, and he liked the third year so well that when the vessel got down to San Francisco he immediately shipped on another whaler to go north again. At the end of his three-year voyage he liked the north so well that when the ship turned toward home he asked permission of the captain to remain behind.

He has lived in that country ever since, trapping and occasionally working for whalers or traders, and on the Canadian Arctic Expedition he worked three years for us. I have known him since 1906 as one of the finest men in the north and I consider him one of my good friends. He has been both industrious and frugal, has caught a great many foxes, has sold his furs at favorable prices, and now he has a good deal of money in the bank. The amount is a subject on which he is reticent, for he has in that respect the instincts of a miser. He will give you any food or clothing or other articles he has, but when anything has once been turned into money it never gets away from him. Some say he is worth ten thousand dollars and others say he is worth fifty thousand.



In 1917 his hair had turned nearly white and he was getting to be an old man. Although I am a great believer in the north it struck me one day that it might be no bad speculation for "Jim Fiji," as everybody calls him, to go back with some of his riches to the Samoan Islands and settle down. I suggested to him one day that a good thing to do would be to go south with us to San Francisco, put most of his money into Liberty Bonds, take a few thousand dollars to the Samoas and buy an estate on which he could live. This idea struck him very favorably and thereafter we had many talks about what he was going to do. He told me how you could get a man down there to work for you all day for five cents and he had great visions of what he was going to do as a landlord. Among other things, I was to come and visit him some time down there. He knew how fond I was of the Eskimo foods and he described in detail the peculiar Samoan foods which he was going to give me to see how I liked them.

At the end of the expedition I came east to Ottawa and New York and Jim Fiji went to San Francisco. Some months later I went out to San Francisco, and the day after I got there Jim Fiji called on me. I was surprised to find him still there, but he explained that when he got there he heard that one of his cousins was on the way from the Samoas and so he thought he would await his arrival before starting for home. When the cousin arrived he told him, among other things, that wages had gone up and that you no longer were able to hire a man for five cents per day. Various other things had changed for the worse, but the main thing that worried Jim was that he found that he could not stand very well the heat of San Francisco; and, as he imagined the Samoas would be even hotter, he had decided that he did not care to go back after all and his

intentions now were to buy another trapping outfit and go to the Arctic again.

This is what he has done. In the spring of 1919 he was taken north by Captain C. T. Pederson of the trading ship "Herman," and Captain Pederson tells me he landed Jim on Cape Bathurst, the second most northerly point in all Canada. He expects to live there the rest of his life.

Among his neighbors up there are Tom Kanaka, who was born in the Hawaiian Islands, but who has lived in the Arctic for more than twenty years; Peter Lopez, who was born in the Cape Verde Islands, off the coast of Africa, and who has lived in the Arctic for a quarter of a century; and Henry Gonzales, also a Portuguese, who frequently leaves the Arctic but always comes back to it again. In the same general latitude on the north coast of Canada and Alaska are men of nearly every European nationality and, so far as I know, there are there for only one reason—because they like it.

The other day I was talking with Judge Lomen, who was brought up in Iowa, is a graduate of the State University here, and who was an attorney and politician in Iowa and Minnesota until he went to Nome, Alaska, at the time of the gold rush in 1900. He has with his family lived there, just about on the Arctic Circle, for twenty years in a town of all sorts of people, mostly Americans. There are about two thousand of them there now and Judge Lomen said he felt sure that if a vote of the entire population were taken, men, women and children voting, 75 per cent. of them would certainly vote that the winter was their favorite season of the year.

This is an encouraging point of view for us Canadians, for more than half of our country has a climate similar to that of Nome, Alaska. This country is eventually going to be

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settled just as Manitoba has been, without much reference to the climate, but almost solely on the basis of what resources each district may have in minerals, food production, water power and the like.

The Romans would certainly never have believed that Britain could support as many people to the square mile as Italy, and they could have used arguments in that direction that would have sounded as conclusive in the ears of their contemporaries as the arguments against the future of the north of Canada sounds in the ears of some of us. And while I do not actually know that these judges of the present are wrong, I have good historical warrant for supposing that they may be. I have also the warrant of eleven delightful years spent from two to five hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle where lies (in untouched millions of square miles between the treeline and the Pole) the land that half a century hence will produce most of the meat of our export trade and much of the minerals of our growing industry. It is healthful, invigorating. You can't help enjoying yourself because of a superabundance of energy, an exuberance of good health.

That the climate of the far north is disagreeable in the estimation of those who do not know it will keep back development by retarding immigration temporarily. But those who know it will like it; fact will in time outweigh theory. Sunshine and lethargic rest are good in their place and Florida will continue able to "sell" her climate. But health and hard work are no less good in their place and the climate of northern Canada will prove as much of an asset in one direction as it is a handicap in another.

If you think, gentle reader, you see obvious and conclusive arguments against this conclusion, please remember that if the arguments are obvious I must have seen them and

must have come to my conclusions through finding them superficial. I could convince you of that if I were writing a book instead of a short article. And without such a book the course of Canadian history will convince you during the next thirty years.

---

## INITIATION

The custom of Initiation seems to have established itself very firmly in our University. We know that there is a large body of opinion in the Province strongly opposed to it, and the question now arises,—What do we, as serious students of the University of Alberta, think of Initiation. To say that we practise it merely in imitation of the great American Universities would not be fair; to say that it is an unjustifiable outburst of horseplay would also be unjust. The motives governing this custom spring from a deeper source. What are they?

We will preface our remarks by laying down two postulates which must be observed if Initiation is properly to fulfil its function in our student life. First of all, it must be kept within reasonable limits, and secondly, it must not be an indiscriminate baiting of the entire Freshman class; offenders must be punished, while those who have obeyed the rules laid down for them must be treated with consideration.

Coming from the High Schools, the Freshmen reach the strange environment of the University. At school they had attained to a position of some influence due to their seniority. Once on the campus a readjustment of their attitude becomes necessary. A University is not, strictly speaking, a democratic institution. It is rather a place of class distinctions. Senior students hold practically all the offices in the societies and clubs of student origin. When the influence of these senior students is



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lacking, a breakdown is inevitable. The war-period in our history afforded ample evidence of this fact. It takes at least two years before an undergraduate understands his surroundings. The Sophomore understands it in part, the Freshman not at all. The safest course, therefore, is to impress the newcomer that his position has been changed from that of a senior high school student to that of a very junior college student. It may seem brutal to achieve this end by hazing, but it is no insult to say that the average Freshman is not a subtle intellectual, and that an appeal to the physical goes home more forcibly than would an appeal to the mental side of his nature. But once again let us emphasize the necessity of their being a sufficient body of senior thought to curb and control both Sophomore and Freshmen. Every secret society and order the world over goes through elaborate rites and ceremonies of initiation wholly with the intention of impressing upon the novitiate his newness. If this practice is found necessary for mature men, so much more is it necessary for the college adolescent. In a very distinct manner the Freshman swears allegiance to his University, and from then on, feels himself to be a real unit in the college life and not an outsider despised and slighted for his inexperience.

In closing, let us take the surest test of all,—do the Freshmen, themselves, resent Initiation? It is over now for another year. We may laugh at its lighter side, or we may resent the whole on the ground of its hoodlummism, but let us remember that its foundation lies deeper than its surface manifestations. The good-nature of the Freshmen, and their hearty cheering for the Sophomore class showed that they considered the event an integral and necessary part of their college career.



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In common with every other Province in Canada, and with every other state and colony in the British Empire, an appeal on behalf of the war-stricken lands of Europe and Asia will be made in Alberta an Armistice Day, November 11th. The appeal will be made by the Alberta Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society, who will ask for contributions to the Imperial War Relief Fund, which is designed to co-ordinate all existing agencies. The campaign throughout the Empire is to be carried on in close co-operation with the League of Red Cross Societies, which was created by the Covenant of the League of Nations.

According to a recent report on conditions in Europe, issued by the Red Cross Society, there is real danger that typhus may break all bounds and overwhelm Europe during the coming winter. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour is quoted as saying that in his judgment actual famine has assumed such dimensions as to lie beyond the capacity of private charity, but governments have now rendered assistance in supplying food, and it now becomes, he says, the duty of the British Empire, through the action of its private citizens, to concentrate upon the menacing problem of disease and its attendant evils.

The Council of the League of Nations has issued the following statement signed by Hon. A. J. Balfour: "Men, women and children are dying by thousands and over vast and civilized areas there are neither medical appliances, nor medical skill

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sufficient to cope with the horrors by which we are faced. Governments have, in certain cases, done all in their power to bring relief, but there remains a vast field for charitable work."

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## DAY DREAMS

Continued from page 11

glittered brightly in the sunlight: from my plumed helmet and gold and scarlet tunic to my white gloves and fine shoes, I was a picture of all a soldier should be. On my breast shone many medals with clasps and stars. The King rose to meet me. In his hand he held a beautiful bejewelled star. He pinned it upon my coat, and, saluting, I made my way down the steps again to a courtyard filled with admiring spectators. There was a ripple of applause as I marched erect and dignified to my place, and I heard one man saying to his friend, "Look! That is General Sir Henry Walletsnatcher. He has just been given the K.C.B. for that affair in Egypt."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a noise of splashing, and around the corner of the trench came two men carrying barbed wire, surrounded by a faint blue haze of language. I looked at them stupidly for a moment, and then began to roar with laughter. What a relief it was to be able to laugh again! The strain snapped; my sorrows were forgotten, and I felt myself again. I rolled backwards and forwards on my seat, shaking with mirth. The two men looked at me curiously as they passed, and one said to the other, "Poor devil! Shell-shocked, I suppose."

Never tell me that day dreams are dangerous. They are life-savers.

## A SHELF OF WAR-TIME FRIENDS.

The Great War brought me many friends, but Peace and demobilisation scattered them. This is a minor tragedy of the war which many other men must have felt as they saw the old platoon or section scattering to all points of Canada. The man in the fable who could not be separated from his coat by the blustering high wind, gladly shed it under the sun's benign warmth. So war-time experiences bound us close to our army friends, but peace dissolved the ties that bound us or stretched them to the breaking point over Canada's vast spaces.

But if this has been true for my personal friends, and if I must grow reconciled to hear from them only rarely, yet there are some of my war-time friends that I have always with me. They are there on the bookshelf, a select company of books, the best that I read during my war-ridden years.

Someone has said that a book that is worth reading is worth making your own, and these are the ones that I bought for these are the ones that I loved. They are redolent with memories and stirring associations of England and France in the days of the war. To re-read them now is to live again in those days of high endeavor, nobility and sacrifice.

They were not all of them new books, nor were some of them read for the first time. But each of them is dear to me for the stimulus, or comfort, distraction or delight that it afforded.

That thin green volume with its back so tastefully lettered in gold, and just a nice pocket size, is a favorite of mine. it is the Golden Treasury with Additional Poems, an admirable book. How vividly the date on the flyleaf calls the dark days of the war. I picked up this copy at an old bookstore one night as I groped my way round Folkestone's darkened streets, street lamps' ghastly blued unearthly

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light reminded me of the ever-present air-raid menace. However, the book recalls happier and brighter days, sunny afternoons, when a friend and I walked from the training camp on the Southern coast down to the sea and gazed out over the Channel. We used to read in turn from this book, and with the sea before us we often turned to the poems that sang of the deep.

Our favorites were Swinburne, and Arnold, Tennyson and Shelley. How rich is their language, how vivid is their imagery, how deep the spell that their music cast upon us! Sometimes we felt with the poet who sang:

"Break, break, break,  
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea."

But the sea has its moods and so we too, felt the sweetness of the sea that Arnold describes:

"When soft the winds blow,  
When clear falls the moonlight,  
When spring-tides are low;  
When sweet airs come seaward  
From heaths starred with broom,"

The next book is one that seems to be little known, as little known as its author, and yet for sheer beauty and interest it ranks with the best of its kind. W. H. Hudson would have a far wider circle of readers if this book of his, "A Shepherd's Life," were better known. The charm of this book lies in the delightful manner in which the rural life of the Wiltshire country has been idealised.

Beside it stands a worthy companion volume, the work of a nature-lover and a nature-worshipper, the wonderful Richard Jeffries. His book, "Wild Life in a Southern County", the county being probably Sussex, has an ineffable charm for anyone who has roamed over the South Downs and the Weald. Jeffries lost his heart to the south country, and he poured out his worship in prose of surpassing beauty. I confess that I lost my heart with him, and thanks very largely to him, to the land he and Hudson depict. Every paragraph is full of words that

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reek of the country side, the Downland country stands clear and real before the mind's eye as the sentences glide by.

Nature in Downland was still the same for me as when Hudson and Jeffries wrote, but the England they had written of was a different England from the one I now knew. Over the land and over its people lay the great shadow of war, and a khaki invasion of the sleepy Kentish and South Country villages had taken place. Two of my friends on the shelf there have told me, better than any other books that I read, about the spirit and atmosphere of England just before the war and during the first two years of it. Those two books are "Sonia" by Stephen McKenna, and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through", by H. G. Wells.

By a strange coincidence neither of these volumes are the actual copies in which I first read these splendid records of England and the English at war. I met Mr. Britling for the first time in the pages of Collier's Magazine. At the time I was in Canada, daily expecting to be drafted overseas. My expectations were realised soon afterwards, and I bade goodbye to Mr. Britling for a time. It was several months later and in England that I finished the history of Wells' sorely-tried hero.

"Sonia", the story of a foolish girl and a valiant man, was published whilst I was in England, but I did not make its acquaintance until I was "Somewhere in France". My first copy was a paper-backed volume, one that the initiative of Nelsons had issued in the Continental series for sale in French bookstores. While I was down at a base town I bought the book along with several others. The best books, I find, are those which come recommended by friends of like tastes to one's own. Sonia was strongly recommended in a letter I had received from a chum in hospital in Blighty. Accordingly I bought the book, and for 2fr. 50 secured an intellectual feast far excelling in satisfaction any that might

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have been obtainable from the feast of oeufs et pommes de terre frites that such an outlay could have procured.

Sonia was devoured in a series of snatches. Several times before turning into my blankets after a long night's spell on duty I greedily sat up in the marquee absorbing the story of O'Rane's peculiar life. I remember once or twice when I was reading this book at midnight and all the ward of patients was quiet, the carefully shaded light had to be extinguished. It was enough that "Jerry was coming over" and so there was no more reading that night. In thrilled anticipation of the Gotha's horrid ominous buzzing, I reluctantly postponed the reading of war-fiction to await the reality, and to stand by in readiness to answer the call for stretcherbearers.

The book was read by a number of my chums, and, despite its worn appearance when I last saw it, the original volume was still presentable. But, alas! some unknown admirer of the book, proceeding on the theory that a book that is worth reading is worth making your own, made it his own. My present copy I got later while still in France in order to reinforce the ranks of my war-time friends who had thus suffered their first casualty. In the case of Mr. Britling I bought that copy in order to re-read it and so while away the days and delays of demobilisation.

Being in France, and in a France which was at war, I was reminded one day of a story I had read many years before. All I knew about the story was that it was about the siege of Paris and was written by a man named Daudet. Searching in a bookstore in Boulogne, to my great delight, I found the story again. It is there with many other fine stories in that white volume, "Contes du Lundi". Some knowledge of French, but more the desire to read these delightful contes, drove me to plod my way through the book. But it was labor well repaid.

How sympathetic were those descriptions of French peasant life and of the

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Franco-Prussian war! Hew Daadet combines pathos, delicacy of observation, suggestive force, in stories of real artistic merit! Such stories as the "Siege de Berlin", "L'Enfant Espion" and "Maison a Vendre" tug at the heartstrings with tremendous appeal. If you take up the book you will notice the words are underlined where I had to look up their meaning in the dictionary. But the underlining becomes less frequent as we come to the end. No doubt my vocabulary increased, but my patience certainly decreased. I used to read on and on, skipping the words but reading enough to catch the spirit and ideas of the writer. Daudet's stories of French life charmed me, and if the France I saw was not as charming as his, yet it was not his fault, and I had always his stories as consolation.

Another French writer who can charm the soul is the author of that next book. Although the book is an English translation I found that the story of "The

Crime of Sylvester Bonnard" was exquisitely delicious. I liked it most because of the fine character, Bonnard himself. I like to think that Anatole France, himself, is like his creation, a gentle-mannered, smiling, cultured and erudite scholar, a sceptic perhaps, but a true lover of humanity.

Two more books remain. One, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" was the first book that I read by way of introduction to the works of George Gissing. "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford", that stands beside it, is another book of the same stamp. Both of them were happy discoveries for me. There is a fine flavor about both these books that I greatly enjoyed. The introspection of the writers is so beautifully revealed and the thoughtful mind so evident that each page is rich in suggestion.

These then are a few of the friends that I made in the war.

—KENNETH SMITH.



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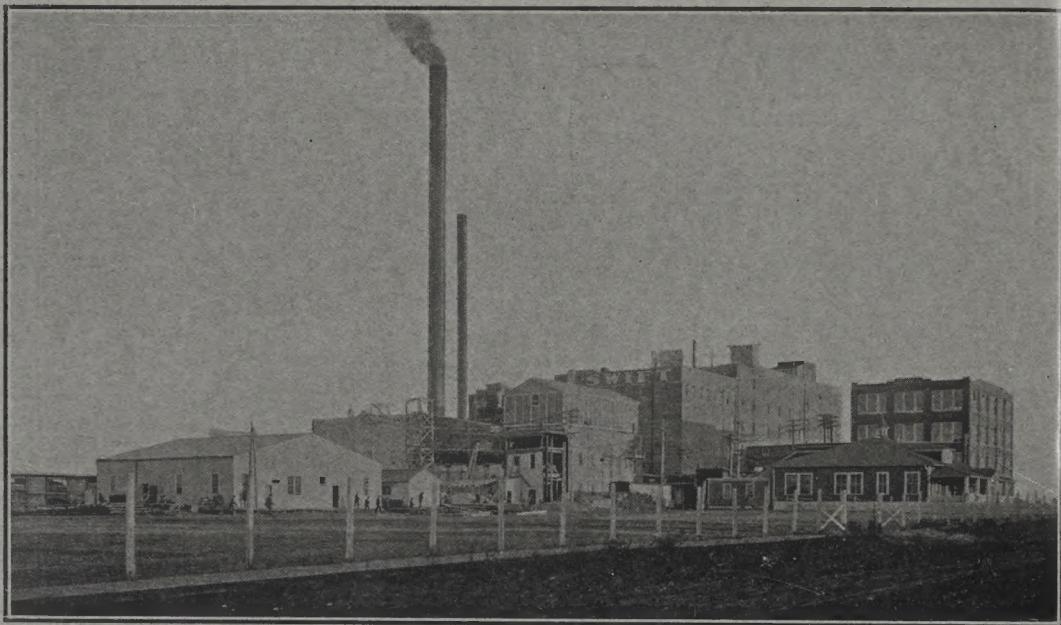
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